HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN
THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...
PANIC
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 1
MARCH
10¢
A. FELD

As the title of this column indicates, just as soon as our relatives, our disgruntled ex-text writers, and Gerard Robbins of Harrisburg, Pa. start writing, this will be the usual E.C. "gripes and groans" letter page! Of course, we *could* have made up some letters (and still may if none come in!) from some fictional fans asking . . . *no, begging!* . . . for a companion magazine to MAD! And we *could* have snickeringly retorted: *"Here it is!—ed."* But we are above *that* sort of thing! Frankly, *no one* asked us for a companion magazine to MAD. The only reason we are publishing PANIC is because MAD is *selling well!* But wait . . . do not rush for pen and paper to sarcastically insinuate in some bitter missive that PANIC is an *imitation* of MAD! For *this* is not *true!* MAD is an imitation of PANIC!

Yes, PANIC was created many months before the first issue of MAD ever appeared. It was all ready to go. It was locked in the "New Book" file drawer, safe from the prying eyes of our competitors. But did a rival publishing company's editor spy on us? Did a rival publishing company beat us to the stands? NO! We repeat, "NO!" It was our own HARVEY KURTZMAN who jimmied the lock and peered into the "New Book" file drawer, and scooped us by a full year. Why then, you ask, did we wait? Why then, you ask, did we file away PANIC in the "New Book" drawer after it was completed and ready to go to press? Why then, you ask, didn't we come out with it? *Why?*

We'll tell you why! FRANKLY, WE DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD SELL!

It was only after learning of the frantic attempts of rival publishing companies to rush out imitations that we realized MAD must be selling.

So we flipped open the aforementioned jimmied "New Book" file drawer, shot PANIC No. 1 to our engraver, popped soggy blobs of evaporated Hadacol into our choked up throats, and collapsed hysterically into our shock couches.

But if we may become a bit serious for a few moments, we should like to give credit where credit is due! Actually, MAD was Harvey Kurtzman's brainchild. He conceived and wrote it himself, and has done so, and will continue to do so. PANIC is in no sense on a par with MAD. It's much funnier.

A subscription to PANIC will set you back one buck for 8 issues. Manila envelopes. The address for sub orders or pan-mail is:

The Editors
Panic
Room 706, Dept. 1
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

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3.00

SEX AND SADISM DEPT.: PRIVATE-EYE DIV.: THE *PAPERS* SAY I'M A *KILL-CRAZY SHAMUS*. WELL, *MAYBE I AM*. DO YOU THINK I *LIKE* THE *RATS* THAT *PREY* ON THE *GOOD* PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN? DO YOU THINK I *LIKE* THE *KILLERS* THAT CRAWL OUT THROUGH *LOOP-HOLES* IN THE *LAW*? DO YOU THINK I *LIKE* THE *DREGS* OF *HUMANITY* THAT SIT LIKE *PARASITES* UPON THE BACK OF SOCIETY AND TAKE *ADVANTAGE* OF THE *CRAWLING STUMBLING MACHINE CALLED JUSTICE? DO YOU?* WELL, YOU'RE *DARN RIGHT* I LIKE 'EM! 'CAUSE IF IT *WEREN'T* FOR *THEM*, I'D BE *OUT OF BUSINESS*. *ME?* I'M *MIKE HAMMERSHLAMMER*. I'M A *PRIVATE EYE*. I *TRACK DOWN* THOSE *RATS*, THOSE *KILLERS*, THOSE *DREGS*... AND I *SHOOT!* I SHOOT TO *KILL!* I DON'T *FOOL AROUND* WITH *TIME-WASTING COURTROOM TRIALS!* INSTEAD...

My Gun Is The Jury!

By MELVIE SPLANE

JACK DAVIS

POT CHAMBER, CAPTAIN OF HOMICIDE, LOOKED UP AS I SAUNTERED DAPPERLY THROUGH THE DOOR..

HE'S *DEAD*, MIKE! THE KILLER CARVED THE *NOSE* OFF A *.45* AND FIRED *LOW*. THERE'S NOT MUCH *LEFT* OF HIM BELOW THE *NAVEL*. *KNOW HIM?*

HE POLISHED MY *CAR* ONCE. HE WAS A *GOOD* KID. I *LIKED* HIM. FROM *NOW ON*, IT'S A *RACE*, POT. *I WANT THAT KILLER FOR MYSELF!*

I LOOKED DOWN AT WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE KID...

YOU MEAN YOU'RE *DEALING YOURSELF IN*, MIKE?

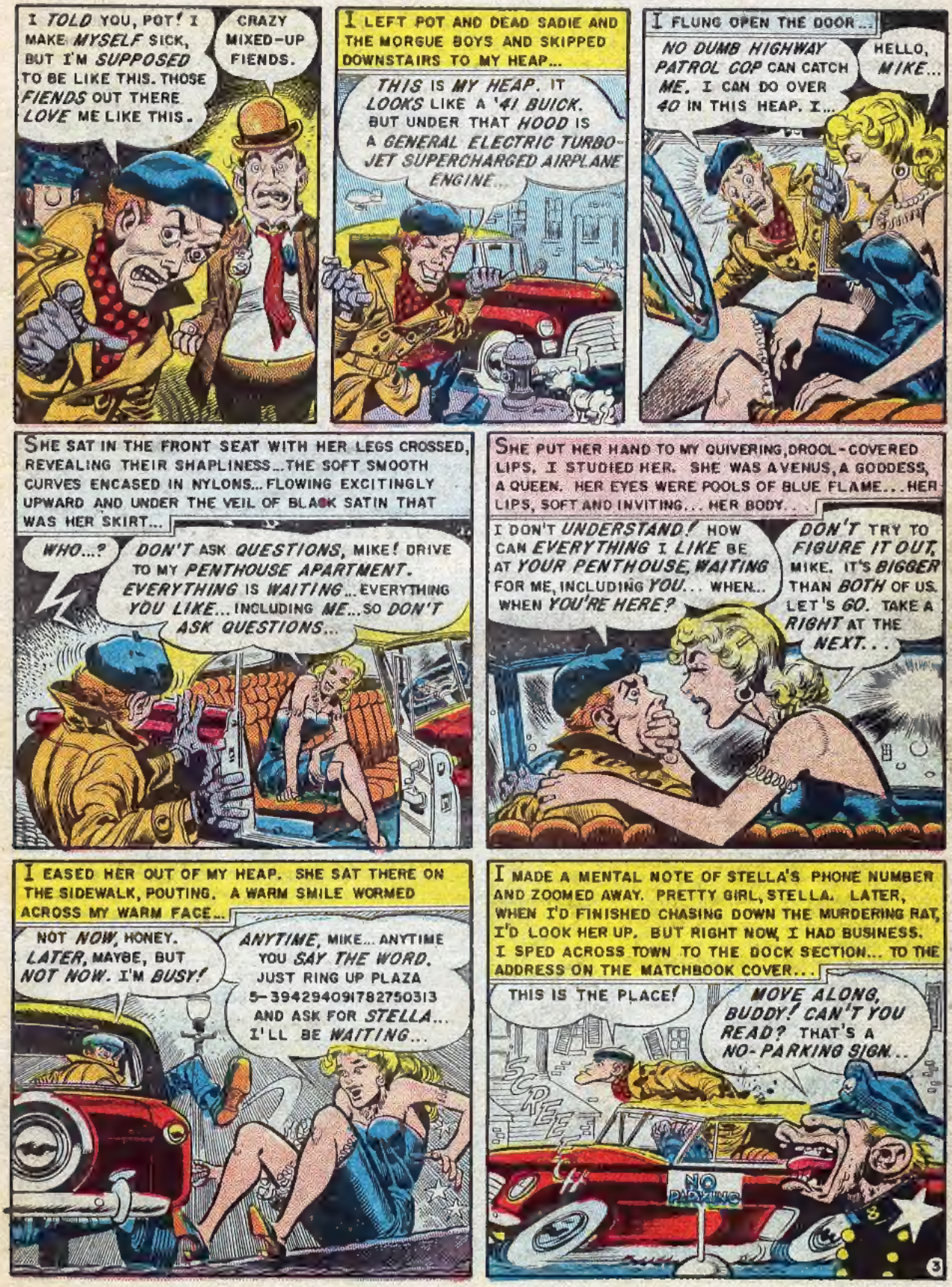
THAT'S *RIGHT*, POT. LISTEN... ER... WHATEVER YOUR NAME WAS. I'M GOING TO *GET* THE GUY THAT DID THIS. I *SWEAR* IT! AND HE WON'T *SIT* IN THE *HOT SEAT*... HE WON'T *HANG*...

A TWISTED SMILE TWISTED ACROSS MY TWISTED FACE...

HE'LL *DIE* EXACTLY AS *YOU* DIED. WITH A *SAWED-OFF .88 SLUG* IN THE *GUT* A LITTLE BELOW THE *BELLY-BUTTON*. A *DUM-DUM* THAT GOES IN *CLEAN* AND COMES OUT LIKE A *FLYING SAUCER* LEAVIN' A *HOLE* SO BIG, YOU CAN PUT YOUR *FIST* THROUGH...

PLEASE, MIKE. YOU MAKE ME *SICK!*

I MAKE MYSELF SICK, POT. BUT THOSE IDIOTS OUT THERE BUY THIS STUFF. THEY EAT IT UP. THEY LOVE IT! THE GORIER, THE BETTER! THIS... AND SEX.
CRAZY MIXED-UP IDIOTS.
I BENT LITHELY, SCOOPING UP THE MATCHBOOK FROM THE BLOOD-SOAKED RUG. I STARTED OUT...
I'LL SEE YOU, POT. I'M GOING AFTER THAT KILLER. AND WHEN I GET HIM, HE WON'T HANG. HE WON'T SIT IN THE HOT SEAT... HE'LL DIE EXACTLY AS..
ALL RIGHT, ALREADY! ALL RIGHT! SO GO, ALREADY! GET HIM, ALREADY!
I SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND ME, AND EXAMINED THE MATCHBOOK. THERE WAS WRITING WRITTEN ON IT...
A CLUE! ABSOLUTELY! NOW IF I COULD ONLY READ...! MAYBE SHE COULD HELP ME?
SHE GLIDED DOWN THE HALL TOWARD ME, HER SOFT CURVACIOUS BODY SEEKING FREEDOM FROM THE RESTRAINING FABRIC OF HER TIGHT-FITTING DRESS. ACTUALLY, SHE WAS A FAT SLOB...
I BEG YOUR PARDON. MY NAME IS MIKE HAMMERSHLAMMER. I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. I...
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO INVESTIGATE ME, HONEY?
SHE STARTED UNDRESSING. I SHOT HER. POT CHAMBERS CAME FLYING OUT OF THE APARTMENT AS SHE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR...
MIKE! WHAT IN...! WHO IS SHE? WHY'D YOU SHOOT HER?
HER NAME WAS SADIE MACINTOSH. SHE WAS WANTED IN TAHITI FOR THE MURDER OF A COCOANUT GROWER. I RECOGNIZED HER BY THE BEAUTY MARK ON HER LEFT SHOULDER.
FLOP
I LOOKED DOWN AT SADIE AND A TWISTED SMILE TWISTED ACROSS MY TWISTED FACE...
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTED THE STRIP-ACT, BABY. THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN THE BEAUTY MARK. THAT COCOANUT GROWER WAS MY FRIEND. I ATE A PETER-PAUL'S MOUND ONCE, MADE FROM HIS COCOANUTS!
GLUGG... GLUGG...
SHE GURGLED UP AT ME, SPITTING BLOOD. SHE WAS STILL ALIVE. I RAMMED MY HEEL DOWN INTO HER FACE AND DID A GRACEFUL PIROUETTE ON HER NOSE, GRINDING IN...
YOU'RE A KILLER, SADIE. I HATE KILLERS. DIE, SADIE. DIE! DIE-DE-DIE-DIE-DE-DUM-DUM...
AW, MIKE. PLEASE. YOU MAKE ME SICK!
2


I TOLD YOU, POT! I MAKE MYSELF SICK, BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE THIS. THOSE FIENDS OUT THERE LOVE ME LIKE THIS.
CRAZY MIXED-UP FIENDS.
I LEFT POT AND DEAD SADIE AND THE MORGUE BOYS AND SKIPPED DOWNSTAIRS TO MY HEAP...
THIS IS MY HEAP. IT LOOKS LIKE A '41 BUICK. BUT UNDER THAT HOOD IS A GENERAL ELECTRIC TURBO-JET SUPERCHARGED AIRPLANE ENGINE...
I FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR...
NO DUMB HIGHWAY PATROL COP CAN CATCH ME. I CAN DO OVER 40 IN THIS HEAP. I...
HELLO, MIKE...
SHE SAT IN THE FRONT SEAT WITH HER LEGS CROSSED, REVEALING THEIR SHAPLINESS...THE SOFT SMOOTH CURVES ENCASED IN NYLONS... FLOWING EXCITINGLY UPWARD AND UNDER THE VEIL OF BLACK SATIN THAT WAS HER SKIRT...
WHO...?
DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, MIKE! DRIVE TO MY PENTHOUSE APARTMENT. EVERYTHING IS WAITING... EVERYTHING YOU LIKE... INCLUDING ME...SO DON'T ASK QUESTIONS...
SHE PUT HER HAND TO MY QUIVERING, DROOL-COVERED LIPS. I STUDIED HER. SHE WAS A VENUS, A GODDESS, A QUEEN. HER EYES WERE POOLS OF BLUE FLAME... HER LIPS, SOFT AND INVITING... HER BODY...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW CAN EVERYTHING I LIKE BE AT YOUR PENTHOUSE, WAITING FOR ME, INCLUDING YOU... WHEN... WHEN YOU'RE HERE?
DON'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT, MIKE. IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US. LET'S GO. TAKE A RIGHT AT THE NEXT...
I EASED HER OUT OF MY HEAP. SHE SAT THERE ON THE SIDEWALK, POUTING. A WARM SMILE WORMED ACROSS MY WARM FACE...
NOT NOW, HONEY. LATER, MAYBE, BUT NOT NOW. I'M BUSY!
ANYTIME, MIKE... ANYTIME YOU SAY THE WORD. JUST RING UP PLAZA 5-3942940917827503I3 AND ASK FOR STELLA... I'LL BE WAITING...
I MADE A MENTAL NOTE OF STELLA'S PHONE NUMBER AND ZOOMED AWAY. PRETTY GIRL, STELLA. LATER, WHEN I'D FINISHED CHASING DOWN THE MURDERING RAT, I'D LOOK HER UP. BUT RIGHT NOW, I HAD BUSINESS. I SPED ACROSS TOWN TO THE DOCK SECTION... TO THE ADDRESS ON THE MATCHBOOK COVER...
THIS IS THE PLACE!
MOVE ALONG, BUDDY! CAN'T YOU READ? THAT'S A NO-PARKING SIGN...
NO PARKING
3

I FLASHED MY P.I. CARD AT THE FLAT-FOOT AND HIS EYES POPPED...
YOU'RE MIKE HAMMERSHLAMMER...? THE KILL-CRAZY PRIVATE-EYE...? YOU? YOU'RE HIM? YOU?
YEAH! THAT'S ME! NOW, DO I PARK?
MIKE HAMMER
OF COURSE, MR. HAMMERSHLAMMER. OF COURSE! GO RIGHT AHEAD. OF COURSE! PARK RIGHT THERE. OF COURSE.
THANKS.
NO PARKING
I EASED OUT OF MY HEAP, PASSED THE OGGLING BEAT-POUNDER, AND PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR OF THE GIN MILL...
THE JOINT WAS JAMMED WITH TOUGH-LOOKING MUGS WHO WOULD SLIT THEIR OWN MOTHERS' THROATS IF THE PRICE WAS RIGHT. ALL EYES FOLLOWED ME AS I GLIDED AGILELY ACROSS THE SAWDUST-COVERED FLOOR TO THE BAR AND TOSSED THE MATCHBOOK DOWN UPON ITS STICKY SMELLY SURFACE...
I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL ME, IF IT ISN'T TOO MUCH TROUBLE, IF THIS MATCH-BOX COMES FROM YOUR PLACE?
HEY, BOYS! DIG THE SWELL! HE WANTS INFO!
I GRABBED THE SLOPPY-LOOKING WHISKEY SLINGER BY HIS GRIMY COLLAR AND PULLED HIS FACE DOWN TO THE MUZZLE OF THE .45 I'D WHIPPED FROM MY SHOULDER HOLSTER...
PLEASE, LET'S NOT MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT. JUST SPEAK INTO THE MICROPHONE!
TAKE HIM, BOYS.
I CAUGHT THE REFLECTION OF A MOVEMENT BEHIND ME IN THE BAR MIRROR AND MOVED QUICKLY ENOUGH SO THAT THE KNIFE SKIMMED PAST MY EAR AND BURIED ITS SEVEN INCH BLADE IN THE BARTENDER'S HEAD.
SORRY! YOU MISSED, DEAD-EYE...
ZOK
THE BIG MUGG BEHIND ME JUST STOOD THERE, STUPIDLY, STARING AT THE BARTENDER AS HE SLUMPED OVER THE BAR HEAVING HIS GUTS OUT. I LASHED OUT WITH THE MUZZLE OF MY .45, CATCHING THE BIG MUGG ACROSS THE MOUTH, KNOCKING HIS TEETH DOWN HIS THROAT AND SPLITTING HIS LIPS OPEN SO HE DROOLED CLARET...
NOBODY TRIES THAT ON MIKE HAMMERSHLAMMER!
BLAP
GLUP!
4

I LOOKED AROUND. THE PLACE WAS EMPTY. THE TOUGHIES HAD TAKEN A POWDER. SURE. THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT. SHOW 'EM A LITTLE BLOOD AND THEY RUN LIKE SCARED RABBITS. I WENT THROUGH THE BIG MUGG'S POCKETS AS HE LAY THERE GURGLING...

HMMM! A *CHANCE* ON A *BICYCLE*. AN OLD *FISH-HOOK* AND SOME *STRING*. A *MARBLE*. A *DEAD FROG*. A...*GOOD LORD!*

I POCKETED WHAT I'D FOUND AND LEFT. I CROSSED THE SIDEWALK TO MY HEAP. THE *PARKING TICKET* HUNG ON THE *WINDSHIELD*...

WHY, THE *DIRTY*...

HELLO, BIG BOY!

TICKET

I POCKETED THE PARKING TICKET, CURSING THE FLAT-FOOT SOFTLY TO MYSELF, AND TURNED. SHE HIPPED OVER TO ME FROM THE SHADOWS, HER DRESS CLINGING TO HER BODY AS IF IT WERE SOAKING WET. ACTUALLY, IT WAS WET. IT'S DAMP DOWN BY THE DOCKS...

I *SAW* WHAT YOU *DID*, HANDSOME. YOU'RE A *REAL MAN*. I *GO* FOR *REAL MEN*.

I'M *BUSY*, SISTER. *BEAT IT!*

SHE SLID HER ARMS AROUND ME, SNAKING UP REAL CLOSE. SHE GRINNED EVILY...

MAKE ME... BEAT IT!

YOU...

I EASED MY GUN OUT OF MY POCKET, SNAPPED OFF THE SAFETY, PULLED BACK THE HAMMER, AND PRESSED THE TRIGGER. SHE LOOKED REAL SURPRISED AS THE BULLET TORE THROUGH HER CHEST AND SHE SLID TO THE WET PAVEMENT...

POT CHAMBER SCREAMED UP IN A SQUAD CAR...

WE GOT A CALL THAT THERE WAS A *BRAWL* HERE, MIKE. I *FIGURED* IT WAS *YOU*. I...I... *AYE, YI, YI! ANOTHER* ONE...

HER NAME WAS *MILDRED MUCKLE*. SHE WAS A *DOPE-PUSHER*. A *KID DIED* BECAUSE OF HER.

GOO

SQUAD CAR

I GRINNED A TWISTED GRIN AT DEAD MILDRED...

THE KID'S *FATHER* WAS MY *FRIEND*. HE SOLD ME A *NEWSPAPER* ONCE! I SWORE I'D GET HER FOR HIM. *SORRY*, MILDRED! YOU MADE A *BIG MISTAKE HUGGING ME*. I FELT THOSE *'H' CAPSULES* IN YOUR *MONEY BELT*...

WE IDENTIFIED THE *MURDER VICTIM*, MIKE. HIS NAME WAS *IRVING SNODGRASS*. YOU WERE *RIGHT*. HE *WAS* A *CAR-POLISHER*.

THINGS STARTED TO MAKE SENSE. I LEFT POT AND DEAD MILDRED AND THE MORGUE BOYS, AND I NOSED MY HEAP BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE ACME GARAGE. THE PLACE WAS LOCKED UP TIGHTER THAN A DRUM. THE THIRD SKELETON KEY ON MY RING LET ME IN...
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, HAMMERSHLAMMER...
HUH?
IT WAS THE BIG MUGG FROM THE GIN MILL. HIS MOUTH WAS ALL BANDAGED. HE HELD A ROD IN HIS BIG UGLY PAWS...
I FIGURED YOU'D SHOW UP HERE AFTER I CAME TO AND FOUND YOU'D FRISKED ME. C'MON! GIMME BACK WHAT YOU TOOK..
YOU MEAN THIS..?
HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM. I MOVED TOO FAST. MY .45 WAS OUT AND BARKING BEFORE HE COULD BLINK. I WIPED HIS EVIL GRIN RIGHT OFF HIS FACE...
NO... NOT THAT.. CHOKE.. GLUGG... THE OTHER THING...
NG.. NG..G-G..
THE BULLET HAD GONE CLEAN THROUGH HIS HEAD AND SLAMMED INTO A METAL DRUM. THE LIQUID IN THE DRUM POURED OUT OVER HIM, MIXING WITH THE BLOOD... A BLACK SHINY LIQUID... MIXING WITH THE SCARLET OOZE...
HE DESERVED IT, MIKE!
EH?
I SPUN AROUND. SHE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY TO THE OFFICE, SMILING. SHE CAME TOWARD ME, HER ARMS EXTENDED, HER SUPPLE BODY UNDULATING UNDER THE TIGHT DRESS...
NOW THE WHOLE SHOW CAN BE OURS, MIKE. ALL OURS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET RID OF THE BIG WHEEL... THE TOP BRASS... THE HEAD OF THE RACKET. THERE'D BE NOBODY LEFT...
WHAT ABOUT YOU, HONEY?
SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND ME, PRESSING HER SOFT LIPS AGAINST MINE...
ME, MIKE? I'M YOURS! TOGETHER, WE'LL RUN THE SHOW.. WE'LL..
SORRY, BABY..
POT CAME IN AS SHE SLID TO THE CONCRETE BESIDE THE BIG MUGG, HER FACE FROZEN IN A DEATH MASK, THE BULLET FROM MY .45 IN HER HEART...
THE MURDER VICTIM WORKED HERE AS A CAR-POLISHER. HE... HE... HEE-HEE! MIKE! ANOTHER ONE?
HER NAME WAS EMMA GRETSLE. HER HUSBAND WAS AN ARTIST! HE WAS MY FRIEND. HE LENT ME SOME LINSEED OIL ONCE. SHE POISONED HIM. I SWORE I'D GET HER!

ALL OF THE PIECES WERE BEGINNING TO FIT. THERE WAS ONLY ONE PIECE LEFT. THE KILLER. I LEFT POT AND DEAD EMMA AND THE MORGUE BOYS AND PHONED UP STELLA...
MIKE, DARLING. I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU'D CALL.
I DECIDED TO COME UP AND SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT WAITING FOR ME, STELLA...
I COULD HEAR HER LITTLE SQUEAL OF JOY. THEN SHE WHISPERED...
I'VE GOT A LITTLE COUNTRY PLACE, MIKE. IT'S ONLY A SHORT DRIVE. WHERE ARE YOU? I'LL PICK YOU UP!
I'M AT THE CORNER OF SMITH AND WESSON...
STELLA'S BIG BLACK CONVERTIBLE EASED UP TO THE CURB, AND I GOT IN. SHE LOOKED AT ME HUNGRILY...
HOW COME THE SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART, MIKE?
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A CASE. I RAN UP AGAINST A STONE WALL. THOUGHT I'D RELAX...
STELLA GUIDED HER SLEEK CADDY OUT OF TOWN AND ALONG THE CONCRETE HIGHWAY...
PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS, EH?
YOU MIGHT SAY SO!
VROOOM!
ALL THE WAY UPSTATE I KEPT TRYING TO FIT THAT LAST PIECE INTO THE JIG SAW. STELLA NUDGED ME, SHOCKING ME OUT OF MY REVERIE...
WE'RE HERE, HONEY! C'MON IN!
HUH? OH! YEAH!
SHE MOVED AROUND THE CABIN, LIGHTING CANDLES, FLUFFING UP THE BEARSKIN RUG, MAKING EVERY-THING VERY ROMANTIC. I TRIED CONCENTRATING ON HER, BUT I KEPT THINKING ABOUT POOR DEAD IRVING...
HERE, MIKE. DRINK UP! MAYBE IT'LL PUT YOU IN THE MOOD!
THANKS, BABY!
I LOOKED DOWN AT THE AMBER LIQUID IN THE GLASS. AND THEN I THOUGHT OF THE BLACK LIQUID POURING FROM THE DRUM, MIXING WITH THE BIG MUGG'S BLOOD. AND THEN I THOUGHT OF SADIE, AND MILDRED, AND EMMA...
C'MON, MIKE! DRINK UP! I'M ...MMMMM... WAITING!
HUH! OH, SURE, STELLA! SURE!
7

I GOT UP AND SAUNTERED OVER TO THE CABIN WINDOW AND LOOKED OUT AT STELLA'S BLACK CADDY PARKED IN THE MOONLIGHT...

C'MON, MIKE! DRINK UP! LET'S LIVE IT UP A BIT!

SURE, BABY! SURE! I...I...

THE MOONLIGHT PLAYED TRICKS ON THE CAR. PART OF IT WAS SHINY. PART OF IT...PART OF IT... I SNIFFED AND THEN, SUDDENLY EVERYTHING MADE SENSE. I SPUN AROUND. STELLA WAS BEHIND ME. SHE WAS TAKING OFF HER CLOTHES...

COME GET ME, MIKE...BUT DRINK UP FIRST!

YEAH, STELLA..

I SPLASHED THE DRINK ACROSS STELLA'S FACE...

YOU WANT ME TO DRINK UP THIS POISON, EH, STELLA?

MIKE!?

I PULLED MY GUN...

I GET IT NOW, STELLA. YOU WERE RUNNING A STOLEN CAR RACKET... SHIPPING THEM TO TAHITI. THAT'S WHERE SADIE CAME IN! AND EMMA SUPPLIED THE PAINT FORMULA THAT HER HUSBAND HAD INVENTED, SO YOU COULD REPAINT THE CARS. ONLY YOU WEREN'T SATISFIED. YOU HAD TO SMUGGLE DOPE ALONG WITH THEM. THAT WAS MILDRED'S PART. THE BIG MUGG TIPPED ME OFF TO THAT WHEN I FOUND THIS LUBRICATION STICKER IN HIS POCKET WITH THE PACKET OF 'H' STUCK TO THE GLUED SIDE...

STELLA MOVED, BUT I MOVED FASTER. I LET HER HAVE IT, RIGHT IN THE GUT, A LITTLE BELOW THE BELLY-BUTTON...

I STOOD OVER STELLA, GRINNING MY TWISTED GRIN...

IRVING FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR RACKET WHILE HE WAS POLISHING THAT CADDY OUT THERE...SO YOU KILLED HIM. BEAUTIFUL STELLA! YOU THOUGHT I'D FALL FOR YOU AND KNOCK MYSELF OFF.

I LOOKED DOWN. STELLA'S BLOUSE FELL AWAY. I GASPED...

GOOD LORD!

STELLA WAS A MAN...

AND WHEN I SAW STELLA'S MANLY PHYSIQUE, I STARTED TO CRY...

STELLA! DON'T DIE! DON'T DIE! WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE SHOW...JUST THE TWO OF US. STELLA...DON'T...STELLA...

BUT STELLA DIED, NEVER EVEN REALIZING THAT I, MIKE HAMMER-SHLAMMER WAS A WOMAN...

—THE END—

SLOPPY SENTIMENTALISM DEPT.: WHY TWIST THAT RADIO DIAL? WHY FIDDLE WITH THAT T.V. CHANNEL SELECTOR? WHY NOT SEE THE *REAL THING*, INSTEAD? COME TO A TEAR-STAINED NETWORK STUDIO.. SIT DOWN IN A TEAR-STAINED SEAT AND WATCH, IN THE TEAR-STAINED FLESH, THAT HAPPY, JOVIAL, FUN-LOVING MASTER OF CEREMONIES, ED RALPHWARDS, AS HE BRINGS YOU THAT GAY, TOUCHING, SOMETIMES HAPPY, SOMETIMES SAD, BUT ALWAYS NAUSEATINGLY SENTIMENTAL RADIO AND TV PROGRAM

THIS IS YOUR STRIFE

HELLO, FOLKS! NOW Y'ALL? THIS IS *ED RALPHWARDS* READY TO BRING YOU *ANOTHER TEARFUL EDITION* OF THE PROGRAM *THAT AMERICA CRIES OVER*.. HEH, HEH — *THIS IS YOUR STRIFE!* AS USUAL, SOME *LUCKY MEMBER* OF OUR *STUDIO AUDIENCE*, WHO HAS *NO IDEA* THAT WE HAVE *DONE* THIS, WILL BE BROUGHT UP TO OUR *SOB-STICKY STAGE* AND PRESENTED WITH *THE STORY OF HIS STRIFE*. SO, I'LL JUST HEH HEH.. *WALK DOWN INTO THE STUDIO AUDIENCE*, AND

This is Your STRIFE

APPLAUD WITH ENTHUSIASM

MOAN!

..AS I LOOK AROUND THE STUDIO AUDIENCE, FOLKS, I SPOT A *FAMILIAR FACE* A FACE *ALL AMERICA LOVES* THAT *UPSTANDING CITIZEN* THAT *HONEST, PERSEVERING, LOVABLE STAR* OF *STAGE* AND *SCREEN*, WHO HAS ABSOLUTELY *NO IDEA* THAT WE HAVE *DONE* THIS, MR. *MELVIN MELVILLE!*

SO *WHERE'S MY CHECK?*

AND NOW, IF YOU *FOLLOW ME*, MR MELVILLE, *UP TO THE STAGE* (*LATER*, IDIOT!). AND SIT DOWN ON THAT *SOFA* THERE, WE'LL BEGIN

NOT LATER, CHUM! *NOW! I WANT MY CHECK NOW!*

TELL ME, MR MELVILLE! ARE YOU SURPRISED? HEH, HEH?
IF I GET MY CHECK FOR SHOWIN' UP HERE, I'LL BE SURPRISED.
HEH, HEH! WELL, HERE IT IS, MR MELVILLE! BETWEEN THE COVERS OF THIS VOLUME, OUR RESEARCH STAFF, WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE, HAS COMPILED A BARRELFUL OF TEARS AND LAUGHS HAPPY MEMORIES AND SAD ONES TOO.
DON'T BOTHER OPENIN' IT! I AIN'T STAYIN' TILL I GET PAID!
HEH, HEH! THIS, THEN, MR. MELVIN MELVILLE, IS YOUR STRIFE!
SHUT UP, MUTT! THE CHECK'S IN THE BOOK!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL VOLUME!
OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!
LET'S SEE! AS WE OPEN THE BOOK, WE FIND THAT HEH, HEH YOU WERE BORN, MELVIN, IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF PIG STY, UTAH, ON JULY 19, 1909, A BOUNCING BABY BOY.
HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT? OH, ISN'T THIS SOB WONDERFUL!
LISTEN NOW, MEL, TO THIS VOICE IT SHOULD BRING BACK MEMORIES!
HELLO, MEL! REMEMBER WHEN YOUR WIFE BROKE HER LEG JUST BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED AND I SET IT. I ALSO BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WORLD!
GASP! MY FAMILY DOCTOR, OLD DOC FRAMSBY HACKER!
HEH, HEH! OPEN THE CURTAINS!
HELLO, MEL! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN TEN YEARS.
GOSH, DOC THIS BRINGS BACK MEMORIES! GOSH, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! GOSH!
GOOD TO SEE YOU, MEL! TELL ME! DID THEY EVER FIND YOUR WIFE?
AND NOW, LISTEN TO THIS VOICE FROM YOUR PAST, MELVIN MELVILLE!
I PULLED YOUR FIRST BABY TOOTH, MEL! I ALSO MADE YOUR WIFE AN UPPER PLATE BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! HARRY YANKUM, MY HOME-TOWN DENTIST!
OPEN THE CURTAINS!
THEY EVER FIND YOUR WIFE, MEL?
YES, MELVIN MELVILLE! YOU WERE BORN AND RAISED IN PIG STY, UTAH. REMEMBER WHEN YOU USED TO GO TO THE CORNER DRUG STORE FOR SODAS AND ICE-CREAM! LISTEN TO THIS VOICE FROM YOUR PAST!
HELLO, MEL? I SOLD YOU YOUR FIRST RAZOR BLADE WHEN YOU WERE SIX-TEEN. THE LAST TIME YOU WERE IN MY STORE YOU BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF ARSENIC!
I KNOW! I KNOW! THAT'S OLD R.X. PILLSTUFFER, THE DRUG STORE MAN BACK IN PIG STY!
OPEN UP!
HOWDY, MELVIN! SAY! THEY EVER FIND YOUR WIFE?
WHEN YOU WERE TWENTY-THREE, MELVIN, YOU MARRIED THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN PIG STY, EMMA LOU FREEBISH. AND NOW WE COME TO THE SAD PART OF YOUR LIFE LISTEN, MEL
YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER ME, MEL, BUT IT WAS THROUGH ME, INDIRECTLY, THAT YOU BECAME INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY.
THAT VOICE! I KNOW THAT VOICE! OH WHO IS IT?
I SOLD YOU A BIG FAT INSURANCE POLICY ON YOUR WIFE A FEW WEEKS BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED!
OPEN THE CURTAINS! MEL, THIS IS C. SMALL-PRINT, OF THE CONSOLIDATED LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY! REMEMBER HIM?
This
SOB SOB CHOKE
HEH, HEH! THAT'S RIGHT, MELVIN MELVILLE! LUCKILY, JUST BEFORE YOUR DARLING WIFE EMMA LOU DISAPPEARED, MR SMALLPRINT SOLD YOU A POLICY ON HER LIFE... AND AFTER SEVEN YEARS, YOU RECEIVED $35,000, ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU OUT OF PIG STY AND BRING YOU HERE... TO HOLLYWOOD TO FAME AND FORTUNE!
SOB SOB
NEVER DID FIND YOUR WIFE, MEL! SORRY!
NOW LISTEN TO THIS VOICE, MEL!
HELLO, MEL! WE LIVED NEXT DOOR TO YOU AND YOUR WIFE IN PIG STY... BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED AND YOU WENT AWAY! REMEMBER US?

THOSE NOSEY ER NICE OLD NEIGHBORS OF MINE THE GOSSIPERS! SOB . SOB!
COME OUT, MR AND MRS GOSSIPER!
HELLO, MEL! REMEMBER US?
WISH YOU WERE BACK NEXT DOOR AGAIN, MEL ... YOU AND EMMA LOU...
YEP! NEVER HAD NO TROUBLE WITH YOU TWO! ALWAYS NICE AND QUIET, 'CEPT FOR THE NIGHT YOUR WIFE DISAPPEARED! WHAT WAS GOIN' ON? SOME KIND O' PARTY?
ALL THAT SCREAMING AND CARRYIN' ON!
GEE, IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU FOLKS, AGAIN!
TAKE YOUR PLACE IN MR MELVILLE'S PAST, MR AND MRS. GOSSIPER... AND WE'LL GO ON! NOW, LISTEN TO THIS VOICE, MEL...
HOWDY, MEL! REMEMBER ME? LAST TIME YOU WERE IN MY STORE, YOU BOUGHT A SHOVEL AND A BAG OF QUICK LIME!
THIS IS YOUR STROKE!
TAKSEN NAILS! PIG STY'S HARDWARE STORE OWNER
KEERECT, MEL! HOW'YA BEEN, SON? SAY, THEY EVER FIND YOUR WIFE?
HERE'S AN EMBARRASSING VOICE FROM THE PAST, MEL! LISTEN!
HELLO, MEL! I CAUGHT YOU SPEEDING ONCE... HEADED OUT OF PIG STY WITH YOUR WIFE, EMMA LOU, ASLEEP IN THE BACK SEAT! HAD TO GIVE YOU A TICKET!
OFFICER CLANCY C. O'CLANCY! THAT'S HIS VOICE!
RIGHT, MEL! AND HERE'S THE VERY TICKET OFFICER O'CLANCY GAVE YOU, DATED OCT. 9, 1943! 11.30 P.M.!
HOWDY, MEL! 'MEMBER HOW EMBARRASSED YOU WERE? YOU DIDN'T WANT ME TO WAKE UP UP YOUR WIFE?
HEH, HEH! WHO WOULD, EH, OFFICER? AND NOW
HOLD IT, ED! IT'S TIME FOR A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS!

LOOK! GIMME THE CHECK ALREADY!
WHEN I GIVE YOU THE BOOK AT THE END OF THE PROGRAM! NOW SHHHHH.
LADIES! HERE IT IS! THE MIRACLE OF MODERN COSMETICS..
...PECAN CARDINAL'S NO-SMUDGE LIPSTICK! IT CAN'T BE EATEN OFF! IT CAN'T BE KISSED OFF! IT CAN'T BE WASHED OFF! ONCE YOU PICK A COLOR, YOU'RE STUCK WITH IT!
SEE HOW EASILY IT'S APPLIED? JUST PUT IT ON THE USUAL SLOPPY WAY YOU PUT ON YOUR OLD FASHIONED SMEARY LIPSTICK. THEN...BLOT.. LIKE THIS...WITH AN EXPENSIVE HANDKERCHIEF...
MMM
THEN THROW THE HANDKERCHIEF AWAY...BECAUSE PECAN CARDINAL'S NO-SMUDGE LIPSTICK WILL NEVER COME OFF THE HANDKERCHIEF EITHER ...NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU SCRUB. AND NOW, BACK TO ED RALPHWARDS AND.. 'THIS IS YOUR STRIFE!' OKAY...ED...
THANKS, MARY! ER JEAN! ER... (HEY, HOLD THAT CARD UP WHERE I CAN SEE IT. .) MARY! AND NOW, ON WITH 'THIS IS YOUR STRIFE'! MELVIN MELVILLE! LISTEN TO THIS VOICE FROM YOUR PAST..
ARF.. ARF
NO! OH... NO!
YES, MEL! IT'S YOUR OLD DOG... ROVER! OPEN THE CURTAINS!
G-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R.
THAT DOG NEVER DID LIKE ME!
AND HERE IS THE MAN YOU SOLD IT TO... SAM SUCKER!
SOME MUTT! ALL HE DOES IS DIG! EVERY DAY FOR TEN YEARS HE'S DONE NUTHIN' BUT DIG!
G-R-R-R-R-R..
S'MATTER, ROVER? HEH, HEH! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OLD MASTER? SAY SOMETHIN' TO HIM, MEL!

MUST I? HE NEVER DID LIKE ME!
ALL HE DOES IS RUN OUT IN THE MORNING AND COME BACK AT NIGHT WITH A BONE HE DUG UP!
ARF! ARF!
THANK YOU, MR SAM SUCKER AND NOW IF YOU'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE
I GOT A WHOLE CARTON FULL OF BONES THAT MUTT DUG UP! HEY! MARTHA! BRING UP THAT CARTON!
MR SUCKER! THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR HEH, HEH!
NEVER YOU MIND, SAM! YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD! SHOW MR MELVILLE WHAT KIND OF A MUTT HE SOLD US!
YEAH! HERE! LOOK! BONES! BONES!
G-R-R-R-R.
HEH, HEH! THANK YOU, MR SUCKER! AND NOW
LOOK AT THIS! HE EVEN DUG UP AN UPPER PLATE!
JUST ONE MINUTE! LET ME SEE THAT!
PLEASE, MR YANKUM! HEH, HEH! THE PROGRAM!
THIS IS THE UPPER PLATE I MADE FOR EMMA LOU MELVILLE JUST BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED!
THIS THIGHBONE! THIS IS EMMA LOU'S THIGHBONE! I KNOW! IT'S BEEN BROKEN AND MENDED! I SET THAT BONE I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE!
THESE BONES HAVE BEEN PARTIALLY DISSOLVED BY QUICK LIME! I SOLD MELVIN MELVILLE QUICK LIME BEFORE EMMA LOU DISAPPEARED! AND A SHOVEL, TOO!
AND HE BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF ARSENIC FROM ME!
THAT NIGHT OF THE PARTY HE KEPT SCREAMING, 'DRINK IT! DRINK IT OR I'LL SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR THROAT!'

WAS THAT TICKET HE GOT FOR SPEEDING DATED OCT. 9TH, 1943? 11:30 P.M.?
HEH, HEH! LET'S SEE! WHY, YES, MR. SMALLPRINT! IT IS!
THAT WAS THE NIGHT EMMA LOU MELVILLE DISAPPEARED!
THAT WAS THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY!
THAT WAS THE DAY I SOLD HIM QUICK LIME AND THE SHOVEL!
THAT WAS THE DAY I SOLD HIM THE ARSENIC!
SHE WASN'T ASLEEP IN THE BACK SEAT! EMMA LOU WAS DEAD! NO WONDER YOU WERE SPEEDING! YOU WERE HURRYIN' OUT OF TOWN TO BURY HER!
LOOK! KEEP THE CHECK! I'M GETTIN OUT OF HERE!
HOLD IT, MELVIN MELVILLE! LISTEN TO THIS VOICE!
HELLO, MELVIN! LUCKY THING I CAME TO THE BROADCAST TONIGHT!
'AT'S FUNNY! I CAN'T PLACE THE VOICE!
OPEN THE CURTAINS! MEET HOMER STRAIGHTPATH, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF PIG ETY COUNTY!
MELVIN MELVILLE, I ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR WIFE, EMMA LOU MELVILLE TAKE HIM AWAY!
MY AGENT WARNED ME TO STAY OFF THIS PROGRAM. HE WARNED ME.
THIS, MELVIN MELVILLE, IS YOUR STRIFE! G'NIGHT FOLKS!
THE END

As a public service, PANIC reprints for its readers one of the many syndicated daily newspaper columns dedicated to the task of making our world a happier one in which to live.

How To Face Life Without Going Off The Deep End

By Dr. Alicia K. Fruglcnocker, Ph.D., M.A., L.S., & M.F.T.

Hello, all you neurotic readers. Today, our first letter comes from a teen-ager. Read the problem of this poor miserable high school girl.

Dear Dr. Fruglcnocker,

I am ready to kill myself. I cannot bear to go on living. There is nothing left in life for me. My father is a drunkard. My mother beats me. My brother takes numbers. Last night was the last straw. My father came home drunk as usual and stumbled into the living room, upsetting my Scrabble board just as I was ready to form a seven letter bonus word with two triple letters and a double score. What is your advice?

Frustrated J.B.

Dear Miss Frustrated,

Your basic difficulty is best termed as a "psychological confligration between mother hate and father preservation" (in alcohol). The solution to your problem lies in sawing the nose off an .88 and taking it a little below the belly-button where it goes in clean and comes out like a flying saucer leaving a hole big enough to put your fist through.

Dear Dr. Fruglcnocker,

I am a girl, 18, and very pretty. I live with my sister who is married to a handsome truck driver who hauls empty beer kegs between Cleveland and Cincinnati overnight. Ever since I came to live with them, my sister's husband has been asking me to keep him company on those long overnight hauls. I have consistantly refused. I can't stand the smell of stale beer. Am I doing right?

Perplexed

Dear Perplexed,

Your problem is not a psychosomatic allergy to beer odors as you would have yourself believe. I am sure that under competent analysis (my office hours are 9 to 5) it will be clearly demonstrated that your subconscious mind is fighting your sister's husband's invitations. You are obviously suffering from an acute guilt complex, born of many years of close family ties, which precludes you from taking such a fatal step. Perhaps, with competent help, you can develop a taste for beer. (My fee is $10 per half hour on the regular couch, $15 on foam rubber.)

In closing, may I just add that if any of you have any dire emotional problems that you are incapable of handling yourselves and you want to afford yourself the opportunity of receiving my expert aid, just write me. I will publish your problem in my column together with my answer and you will be no better off than when you started. There is no charge for this service and, except for a small blackmail fee payable to me from time to time, your identity will be held in the strictest of confidence.

My thought for today is an extract from the writings of the father of modern mental science, Dr. L. Ron Lobotomy, who said, "Anybody who consults a Psychiatrist these days is out of his mind."

GADZOOKS! MY JOY KNOWS NO BOUNDS! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED MY E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB MEMBERSHIP KIT WHICH INCLUDES A FULL COLOR 7½X10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, AN ATTRACTIVE EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN. SO WHAT!

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH *25¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

The following is a transcript of the speech marking the opening of the convention of The National Association of Alcoholic Beverage Manufacturers by Stew T. D. Gills, President (retiring).

Nov. 25 [EP] (Exclusive to Panic)

Ahem . . My fellow members, honored guests, friends, and gentlemen of the press. It gives me great pleasure to welcome you all to this, the fourth annual convention of our beloved business organization, the N.A.A.B.M. Er, pardon me. . . . sip . . .

As you all know, the aim of these annual conventions is twofold. One: to afford the members of our industry an opportunity to meet and discuss our mutual problems and work out their solutions, and Two: to nominate and elect officers for the coming year and next convention. Er, pardon me. . . . sip . . .

Now before getting down to the agendada for today'sh sheshion . . cough . . I should like to call your attenshun to the 'No Shmoking Shines' that are prominently dishplayed throughout the hall. Er, pardon me. . . . sip . . .

Theshe shines are playshed there for your protecshun Pleashe obey them. If you musht shmoke, pleashe shtep out into the lobby. Thank you. Er, pardon me. . . glup . . .

Aaaahhh Ahem Where wash I? Oh, yesh The ajendedada Lesh she hic. 'scuse me . gloop

Firsht there'sh a li'l matter of a h nanshul repor' Mish Shcribner of Old Gran'ma Kentucky Bourbon hash jus' handed me the figures. . . slurp . . .

Hee, hee, Looksh like shumbody abshconded wif th' treashury, eh, Mish Shcribner? Shay, washyou doin' after the meetin'? Par'n me . . . glugg . . .

Now ash I wash shayin', eash yeer we mee' in convenshun an' we all ge' t'gether an' we hav' a real g'time, eh? Nuthin' like raishin' a li'l cane, eh? Par'n me. . gluk, gluk, aaaaaaahhh.

Hee, hee. Yesh Shir, I 'member the firsh convenshun the N. A. A. A. B. M. had. Wash in li'l ol' Philly. 'Wha' town. Hoo-Hah. 'Member, Mish Shcribner? 'Member when we all wuzzup in your 'otel room droppin' paper bagsh filled wif Ol' Gran'ma Kentucky Joy-Joose down on th' peepul? Hee, hee. Yesh, shir. Shcuse me. Hey, shumbody shtole my glash. Gi' me ba' m' glash. I'm makin' a shpeesh. My throash dry. Aw, c'mon. Hey, Mish Shcribner! Ain'tchoo in charsh of shooplyin' th' shpeekersk wi' a glash? Huh? No, I ain' gonna finish till I ge' m' glash! Thash all. No, I ain' gonna ge' off here! I'm th' prezziden" an' I gotta finish makin' m' shpeech Thash a girl. Hand i' up here. Shank yoo. Par'n me, folksh. . . glugaglugaglug . hic . . . cough . . .

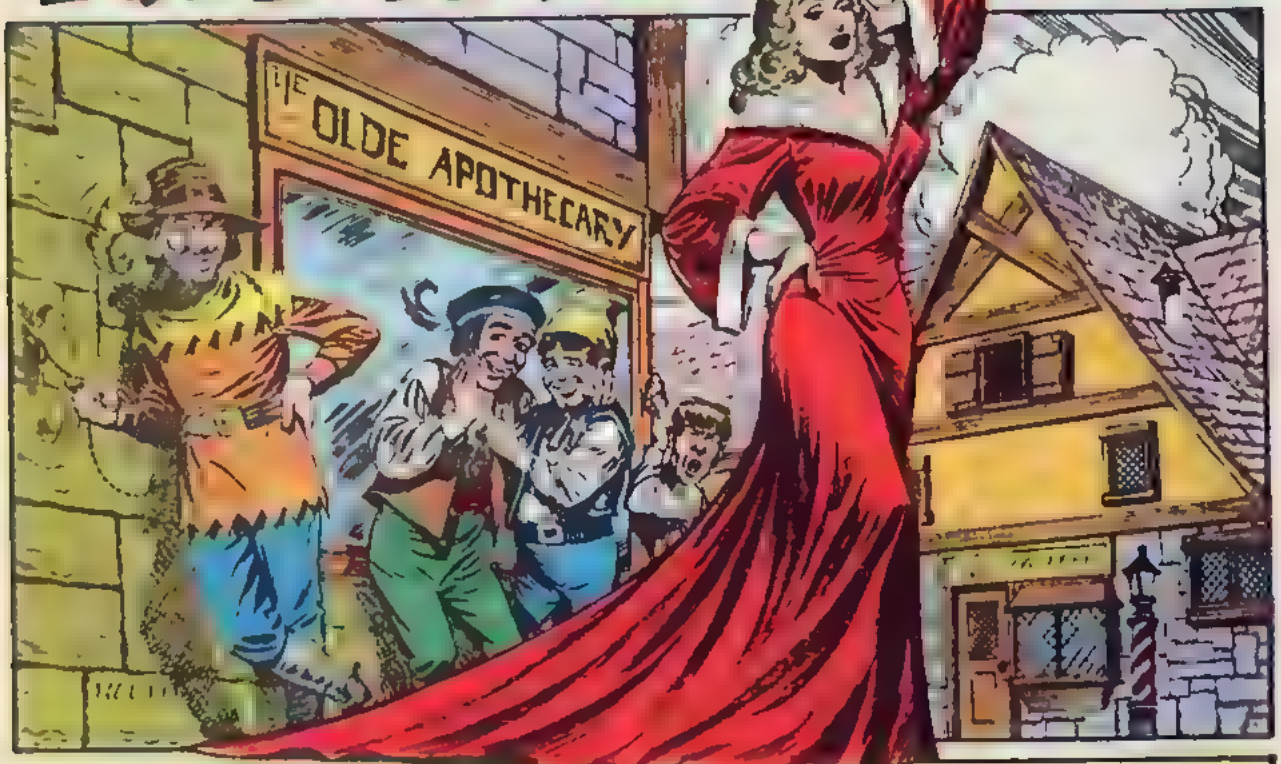
Sho lak ah wash shayin', evy yeer, 'bou' thish time, we ge' t'gezzer an' haf shum fun . . haf a reel goo' time . . . an' this yeer ish no esheption. Sho . . . go to it . an' pleashant shtay . hic . .

CRASH!

(At this point, the address ended and President Gills was removed from beneath the speaker's table and warmly applauded.)

GRIM FAIRY TALE DEPT.: COME AWAY, DEAR READER! COME AWAY FROM YOUR HUM-DRUM, DAY-TO-DAY EXISTENCE! LEAVE YOUR CARES. YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES... MID-TERMS BEHIND YOU! ESCAPE TO YOUR CHILD-HOOD, TO YOUR CAREFREE DAYS AGAIN! ENJOY NOW, THE SEQUEL TO YOUR FAVORITE FAIRY TALE...

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



ONCE UPON A TIME LONG, LONG AGO A BEAUTIFUL CHICK NAMED GWENDOLYN MOVED INTO TOWN, AND PROCEEDED TO EXTRACT WHISTLES AND HOOTS FROM THE LOCAL APOTHECARY COWBOYS...

WOW! DIG THE JANE! BUT STACKED! VA,VA,VA,VOOM!

GWENDOLYN, HOWEVER, WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE TOWN ROMEOS SHE COMPLETELY IGNORED THEIR GENTLE ATTEMPTS AT GAINING HER FOND ATTENTION...

'OW'S ABOUT A DATE, BABE? S'MATTER, BABE? YA STUCK UP? C'MON, SOUR-PUSS, CRACK A SMILE. ROSES ARE RED! VIOLETS ARE BLUE! HORSES NECK! DO YOU, BABE?

INSTEAD, MUCH TO THE WOLF-PACK'S CHAGRIN, GWENDOLYN TURNED HER FOND AFFECTIONS UPON, OF ALL PEOPLE, THE TOWN SHNOOK... SHY, RETIRING, SELF-CONSCIOUS...
MELVIN?? THAT SQUARE?
YEP! THAT'S THE DEAL! SHE'S GOIN' OUT WITH MELVIN, TONIGHT!
MELVIN, OF COURSE, WAS EQUALLY AS SURPRISED AS THE OPERATORS WHOM HE'D ALWAYS ENVIED
DUH DUH YOU WANT ME TO ..DUH... TAKE YOU OUT, GWENDOLYN?
THAT'S RIGHT, MELVIN. YOU'RE MY TYPE! YOU, I LIKE! THEM. EH! BUT YOU, I LIKE!
AND SO, AS THE STARS TWINKLED OVERHEAD AND THE MOON ROSE SLOWLY, REFLECTING IN THE STILL LAKE WATER, MELVIN AND GWENDOLYN SAT CLOSE BESIDE EACH OTHER IN THE COOL GRASS BY THE SHORE...
DUH... IT'S A NICE NIGHT, EH, GWENNY?
IT'S A LOVELY NIGHT, MELVIN. A NIGHT I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO...
MELVIN FELT GWENDOLYN PRESS AGAINST HIM FELT HER WARM BREATH UPON HIS CHEEKS, CLOUDING HIS GLASSES
DUH... KIN I ASK YOU A VERY PERSONAL QUESTION, GWENNY?
LET'S NOT TALK NOW, MELVIN. THE MOON IS COMING UP. LET'S JUST...
...FELT THE HEAVY ODOR OF HER PERFUME AROUND HIM, MAKING HIS HEAD REEL... HIS HEART RACE MADLY... HIS ASTHMA KICK UP...
JUST ONE QUESTION, GWENNY! IT... DUH... IT'S SOMETHING I'M DUH... PUZZLED ABOUT!
LOOK, HONEY! DON'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT! IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US! LET'S
WHY DID YOU PICK ME DUH, GWENNY? I MEAN, WHY ME OVER... DUH... ALL THE OTHER FELLOWS WHO ARE MUCH MORE HANDSOME AND... DUH... EXPERIENCED THAN I?
OKAY, FOLKS! COOL OFF! BUSTER'D RATHER TALK! STICK AROUND, THOUGH. MAYBE YOU'LL SEE SOME ACTION LATER!
I MEAN, WHY ME, WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY OTHER... I MEAN
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! SO I'LL TELL YOU WHY I PICKED YOU! SO RELAX! NOW... I MAKE WITH A FLASH-BACK, FOLKS. STICK AROUND! YOU SEE, MELVIN ..

'YOU SEE, MELVIN, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I LIVED WITH MY OLD LADY AND OLD MAN IN A CRUMMY SHACK AT THE EDGE OF AN IMPENETRA... IMPENETRA... A THICK FOREST..'
WHAT IS WRONG, GWENDOLYN? YOU SEEM UNHAPPY!
NUTHIN' TOO! I'M BORED!
'IN ORDER TO CHEER ME UP, MY FATHER BROUGHT ME A SURPRISE..'
LOOK, GWENDOLYN! FOR YOU! A CAPE AND HOOD MADE OF RED VELVET.. FOR RIDING!
SO WHO'S GOT A HORSE? BESIDES... I HATE RED! I WON'T WEAR IT!
'DADDY WAS ALWAYS SWEET AND THOUGHTFUL LIKE THAT.'
YOU'LL WEAR IT OR I'LL TAN YOUR HIDE, AND RIP OFF YOUR ARM AND BEAT YOU WITH THE BLOODY STUMP!
SUDDENLY I LIKE RED ..ALL OF A SUDDEN, SUDDENLY!
'MY OLD MAN WAS VERY INSISTANT. I HAD TO WEAR THAT MISERABLE RED VELVET CAPE AND HOOD DAY IN AND DAY OUT. I FELT LIKE ORPHAN ANNIE. THE SAME CRUMMY RED OUTFIT, MONTH AFTER MONTH AFTER MONTH AFTER..'
RED RIDING HOOD!? COME HERE, RED RIDING HOOD!
AW, C'MON, MA. THE NAME'S GWENDOLYN!
RED RIDING HOOD, TAKE THIS BASKET OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES AND MEATS AND HARDWARE AND AUTO PARTS AND COMIC BOOKS TO YOUR DEAR SICK GRANDMOTHER WHO LIVES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE IMPENETRA...
'GWENDOLYN'' THE NAME IS 'GWENDOLYN'! WHAT'S WITH THIS 'RED RIDING HOOD' NONSENSE?
...AND DO NOT STOP TO TALK WITH ANYONE ALONG THE WAY SO THAT YOU WILL BE THERE AND BACK BY NIGHTFALL. UNDERSTAND, RED RIDING HOOD?
AGAIN WITH THE RED RIDING HOOD!? LOOK! SEE? BIRTH CERTIFICATE? SEE? GWENDOLYN? CUT OUT THE 'RED RIDING HOOD' STUFF, HUH?
GOOD-BYE, GWENDOLYN!
THE NAME'S RED RIDING HOOD' 'BYE'
5

'SO OFF I WENT, INTO THE IMPENETRA.. THE FOREST, TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC, DANCING OVER THE SUNLIT GLADES AND MOSS-COVERED DELLS, LUGGING THE BASKET FULL OF POTS AND PANS AND SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES AND JET PLANE FUSELAGE SECTIONS FOR MY DEAR SICK GRANDMA..'

TUM-TA-TUM-DA-DEE, *CHL-O-EE!* TUM-TA-DEE-DA-DUM..

CHL—O—EE!

'BUT, ALAS AND ALACK, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN MY OWN CRUMMY SHACK, AND GRANDMA'S HOVEL, I GOT LOST. THE MISERABLE RED VELVET RIDING HOOD SLIPPED DOWN OVER MY EYES AND I MISSED A DIRECTIONAL SIGN. I WANDERED AROUND UNTIL IT GOT DARK AND THE MOON CAME UP...'

OH, *DEAR!* I AM *LOST!* WHAT WILL *GRANDMA* SAY WHEN I DON'T ARRIVE WITH THIS BASKET OF BEER AND PRETZELS AND COLD CUTS AND POTATO SALAD?

THAT *YOU, GOLDILOCKS?*

RED RIDING HOOD, STUPID!

THAT *YOU, RED RIDING HOOD?*

'THERE BEFORE ME STOOD THE MOST VICIOUS-LOOKING, SLOBBERING, FANGED, ANGRY-EYED, BRISTLY-HAIRED WOLF I'D EVER SEEN...'

WHERE ARE YOU *GOING,* RED RIDING HOOD?

I'M GOING TO MY *GRANDMA'S* HOUSE WITH THIS BASKET OF KNITTING WOOL AND CROCHETING YARN AND TEXTILE MACHINERY

WELL, YOU'RE *GOING* THE *WRONG WAY,* RED RIDING HOOD. *THIS* ISN'T THE WAY TO YOUR GRANDMA'S HOUSE. YOU MISSED YOUR *TURN-OFF* GO *BACK TO EXIT 29..*

THANKS, WOLF. *'BYE!*

'FINALLY, I REACHED GRANDMA'S HOUSE. I KNOCKED ON THE DOOR. POOR SICK GRANDMA, OBVIOUSLY SUFFERING FROM A BAD CASE OF HOARSE THROAT, GROWLED.'

COME IN, ALREADY! THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED!

IT IS *I,* GRANDMA, *RED RIDING HOOD.* I'VE BROUGHT YOU A BASKET OF GOODIES.. 45'S...38'S... TWO TOMMY GUNS FOUR M-1 RIFLES AND AN *ATOMIC CANNON.*

'GRANDMA LOOKED STRANGE FRIGHTENING DIFFERENT THAN I'D REMEMBERED HER. I TRIED TO FIGURE IT OUT'

GRANDMA? WHAT FOR YOU GOT THEM *BIG EYES?*

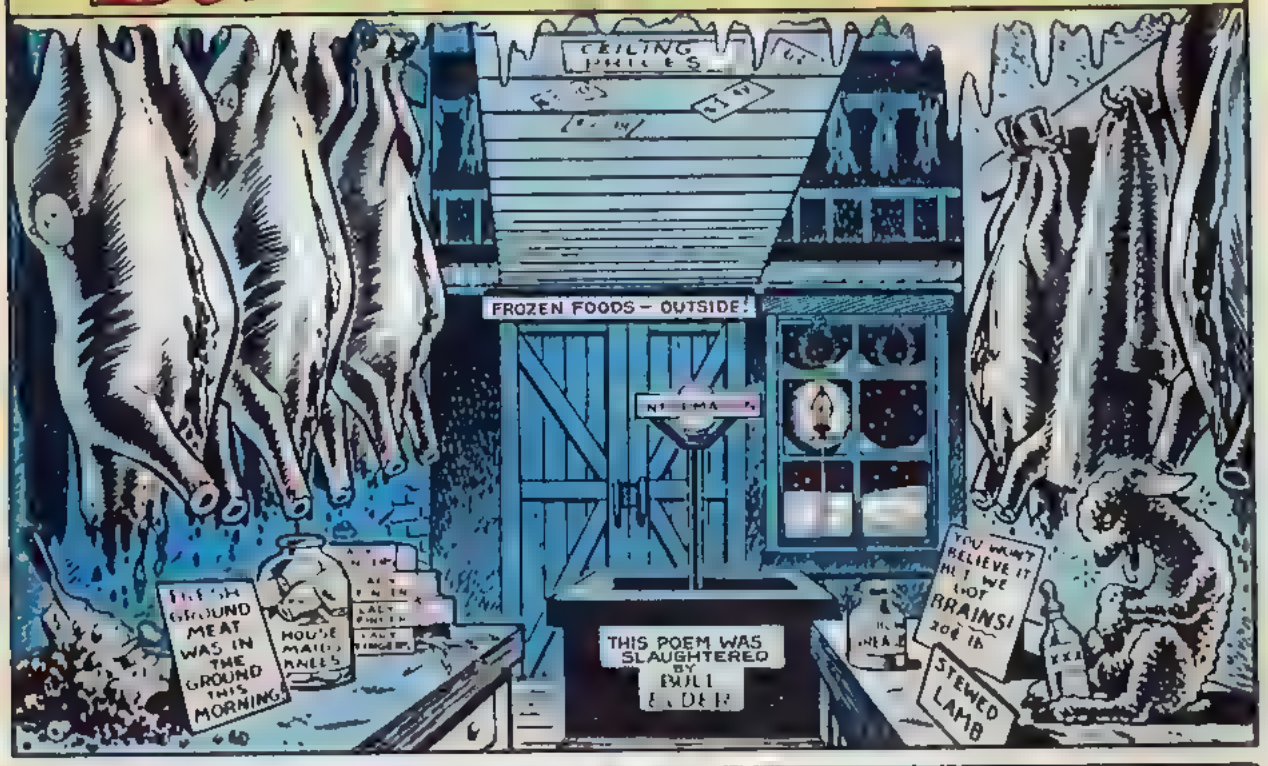
THE BETTER TO *SEE* YOU WITH, MY DEAR'

'You know that corny routine, Melvin...'
GRANDMA? How come the BIG EARS?
THE BETTER TO HEAR YOU WITH, MY PET
'I went through the WHOLE THING...'
GRANDMA? What's with the BIG MOUTH?
THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH, MY DEAR!
'Grandma sprang from her bed...
EAT ME!?
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR COMIN' ROUND HERE AFTER DARK, YOU DUMB BRAT!
'And I saw that it wasn't Grandma at all, but a vicious-looking, slobbering, fanged, angry-eyed, bristly-haired wolf.'
EEEEEEEE
SHH! THE NEIGHBORS
'Suddenly, just as the wolf was about to leap upon me and tear my young girlish flesh from my young girlish body under my young girlish red riding hood, the woodsman arrived...'
STAND BACK, RED RIDING HOOD!
IF I WAS ANY FURTHER BACK, I'D BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WALL, SMART GUY. SHOOT, ALREADY!
'The woodsman took careful aim and
HIGHER, IDIOT! YOU MISSED!
'The woodsman's SECOND shot was a little better. The wolf crossed dead at my feet.'
'And this is the END of the FLASHBACK, folks. Stick around. You'll get some action NOW!'

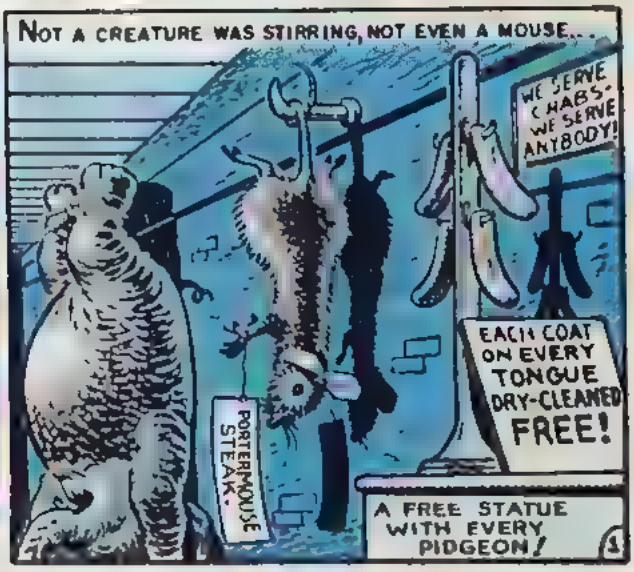
MELVIN STARED AT BEAUTIFUL GWENDOLYN SITTING BESIDE HIM, BATHED IN THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON...
THEN...DUH. YOU WAS THE ORIGINAL LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD WHO WAS ALMOST ET UP BY THE AWFUL WOLF..
THAT'S ME, BUSTER!
... AND... DUH... THAT'S WHY YOU DIDN'T DATE ANY OF THE OTHER BOYS. DUH... BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE WOLVES.
THAT'S RIGHT, BUSTER.
GEE. IT WAS LUCKY FOR YOU THE WOODSMAN CAME ALONG IN TIME TO SAVE YOU AND YOUR GRANDMA.
S'MATTER, BUSTER? YOU GOT ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD?
GWENDOLYN GRINNED UP AT THE MOON...
DUH.. HUH?
WHEN THE WOODSMAN SHOT THE WOLF .HE SHOT GRANDMA!
...AND HER FANGS GLISTENED AND HER FACE GREW HAIRY...
GRANDMA WAS THE WOLF, BUSTER. A WEREWOLF! WHY FOR DO YOU THINK MY FAMILY LIVES IN CRUMMY SHACKS ON THE EDGES OF IMPENETRA... THICK FORESTS?
YOU MEAN??
...AS SHE LEAPED UPON MELVIN, RIPPING, TEARING, SNARLING...
RIGHT AGAIN, BUSTER! EVERYBODY IN MY FAMILY BECOMES A WEREWOLF WHEN THEY MATURE... AND I'M NO EXCEPTION!
DUH GOOD LORD!
THIS, MELVIN...BUSTER...IS YOUR STRIFE! G'NIGHT FOLKS!
THE END

POETRY DEPT: SEASONAL DIVISION: HEAR THE BELLS, KIDDIES? THE TINKLING OF TINSEL? THE CAROLS ECHOING IN THE COLD NIGHT? YEP! IT'S THE XMAS SEASON AGAIN. IT MEANS RIBBONS AND GAY WRAPPINGS AND PRESENTS FOR EVERYBODY. AND BILLS FROM EVERYBODY. AND IT MEANS YOU'LL BE HEARING THAT POEM AGAIN... OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN, TILL YOU CAN SCREAM... THAT PERENNIAL FAVORITE...

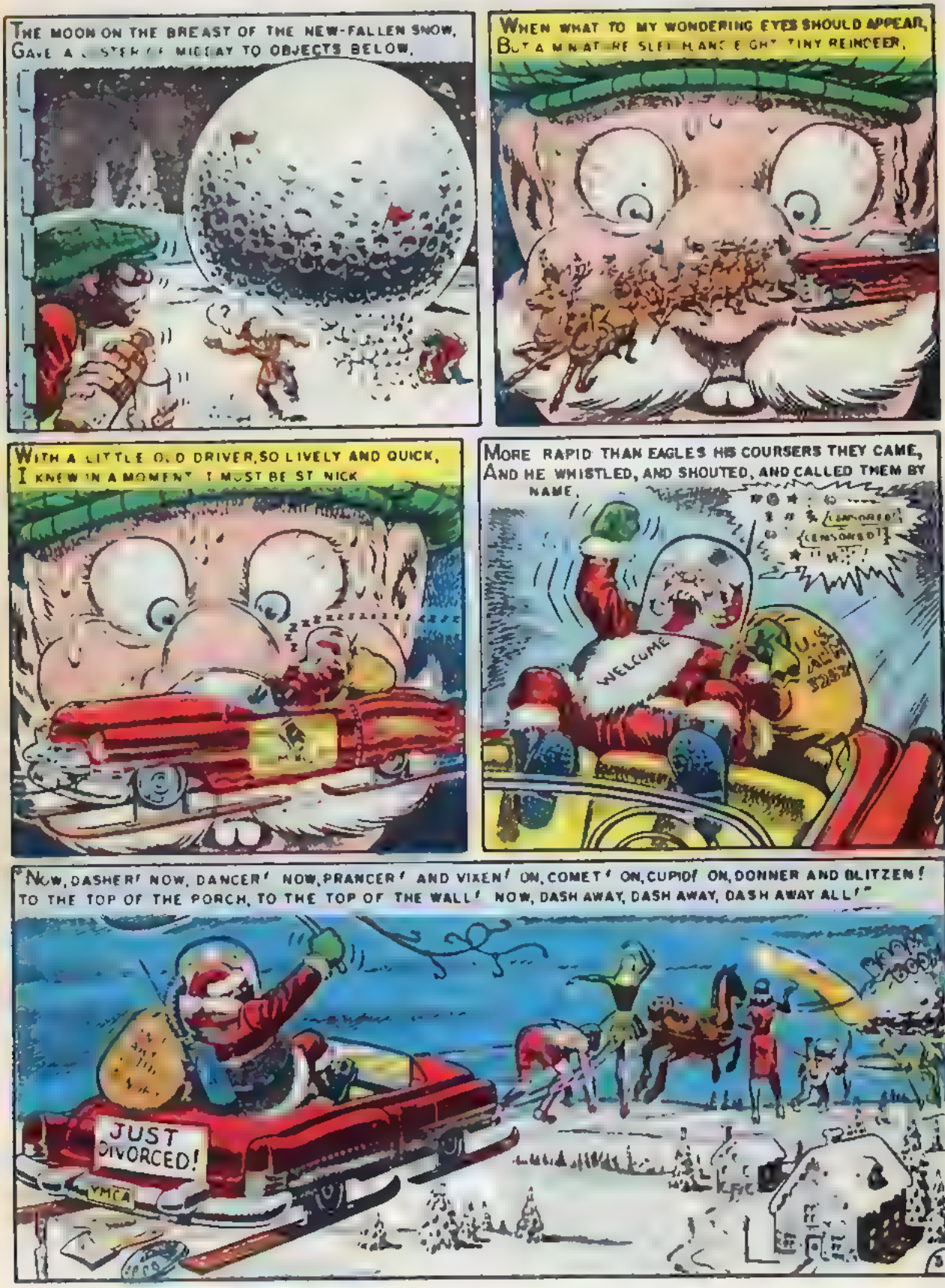
The Night Before Christmas


CEILING PRICES
FROZEN FOODS – OUTSIDE!
FRESH GROUND MEAT WAS IN THE GROUND THIS MORNING
HOUSE MAID'S KNEES
THIS POEM WAS SLAUGHTERED BY
YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT BUT WE GOT BRAINS! 20¢ lb
STEWED LAMB

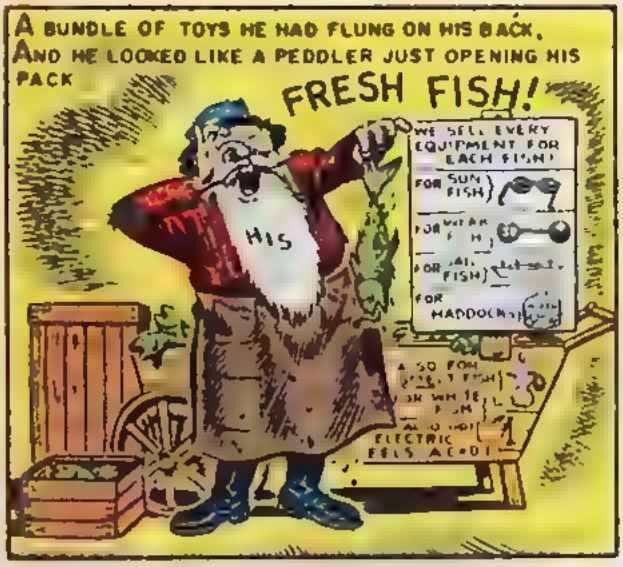
'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS WHEN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE.
NOW PLAYING
DIAL P FOR PANIC
AT THE JUMBO! THEATRE
PANIC
TENDER LION STEAK
OUR STUFFING IS THE CATS?!

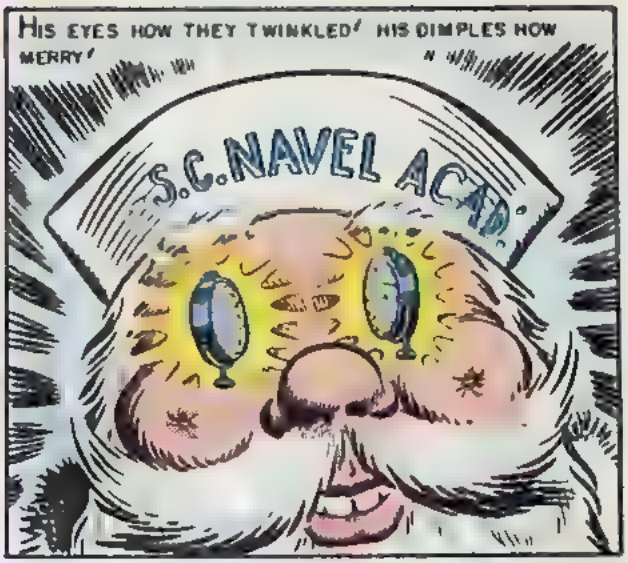

NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN A MOUSE...
WE SERVE CHABS- WE SERVE ANYBODY!
EACH COAT ON EVERY TONGUE DRY-CLEANED FREE!
PORTERMOUSE STEAK.
A FREE STATUE WITH EVERY PIDGEON!
1

THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE,
IN HOPES THAT SAINT NICHOLAS SOON WOULD BE THERE...
THE CHILDREN WERE NESTLED ALL SNUG IN THEIR BEDS,
WHILE VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS DANCED IN THEIR HEADS
Marilyn Monroe
Jane Russell
A FREE LIFE TIME SUBSCRIPTION TO E.C. COMICS
AND MAMMA IN HER KERCHIEF AND I IN MY CAP,
HAD JUST SETTLED DOWN TO A LONG WINTER'S NAP
BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT
FARFEL TECH VS. DZIK U.
WHEN OUT ON THE LAWN THERE AROSE SUCH A CLATTER,
I SPRANG FROM MY BED TO SEE WHAT WAS THE MATTER
BY JOVE! I'M BREAKING THROUGH THE LATTER EARRIE
AWAY TO THE WINDOW I FLEW LIKE A FLASH,
TORE OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND THREW UP THE SASH
HOW IN MUCH IS THAT DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW
2

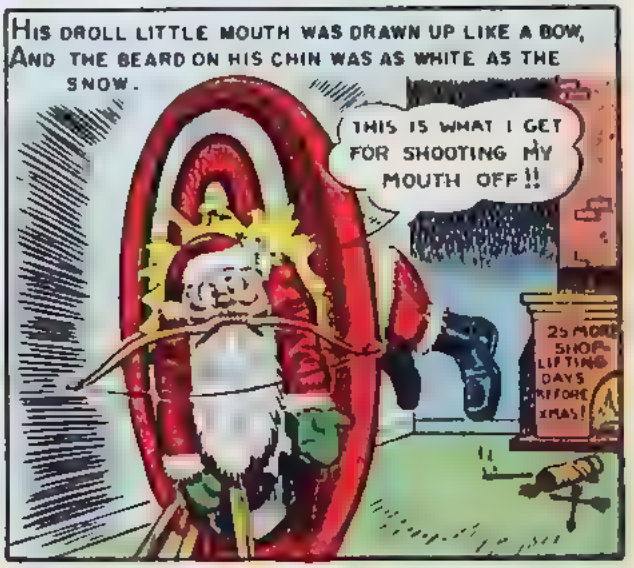

THE MOON ON THE BREAST OF THE NEW-FALLEN SNOW,
WHEN WHAT TO MY WONDERING EYES SHOULD APPEAR,
WITH A LITTLE OLD DRIVER, SO LIVELY AND QUICK,
I KNEW IN A MOMENT I MUST BE ST NICK
MORE RAPID THAN EAGLES HIS COURSERS THEY CAME,
AND HE WHISTLED, AND SHOUTED, AND CALLED THEM BY NAME,
[CENSORED]
WELCOME
"NOW, DASHER! NOW, DANCER! NOW, PRANCER! AND VIXEN! ON, COMET! ON, CUPID! ON, DONNER AND BLITZEN!
TO THE TOP OF THE PORCH, TO THE TOP OF THE WALL! NOW, DASH AWAY, DASH AWAY, DASH AWAY ALL!"
JUST DIVORCED!
YMCA

AS DRY LEAVES THAT BEFORE THE WILD HURRICANE FLY,
WHEN THEY MEET WITH AN OBSTACLE
LOOK OUT FOR THAT STEAMROLLER!
MOUNT TO THE SKY
SO UP TO THE HOUSE-TOP THE COURSERS THEY FLEW
WITH A SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS AND ST. NICHOLAS TOO
AND THEN IN A TWINKLE, I HEARD ON THE ROOF
THE PRANCING AND PAWING OF EACH LITTLE HOOF
BLAST!
MEN WORKING ABOVE.
AS I DREW IN MY HEAD, AND WAS TURNING AROUND,
DOWN THE CHIMNEY ST. NICHOLAS CAME WITH A BOUND
TENNIS ANYONE?
BOING
CRASH
HE WAS DRESSED ALL IN FUR, FROM HIS HEAD TO HIS FOOT,
AND HIS CLOTHES WERE ALL TARNISHED WITH ASHES AND SOOT
MAMMY-MAMMY-
I'D WALK A HALF-A-MILE TO SEE ED SULLIVAN
MILE
MY MAMMY!

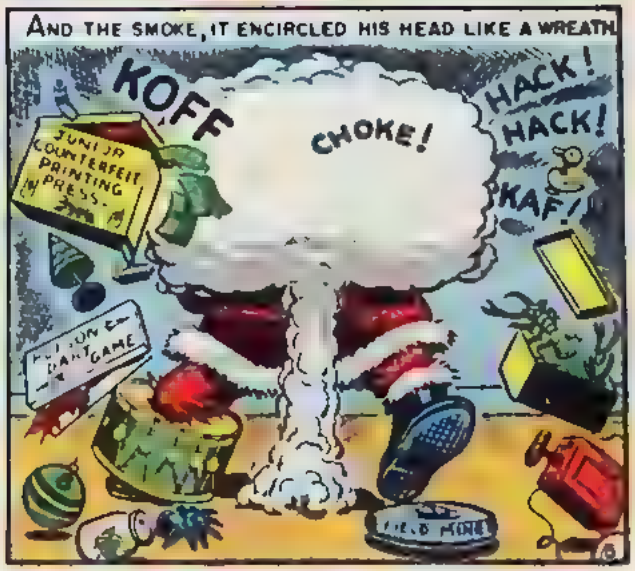

A BUNDLE OF TOYS HE HAD FLUNG ON HIS BACK,
AND HE LOOKED LIKE A PEDDLER JUST OPENING HIS PACK
FRESH FISH!
HIS
WE SELL EVERY EQUIPMENT FOR EACH FISH!
FOR SUN FISH
FOR WEAK FISH
FOR JAIL FISH
FOR HADDOCK
ELECTRIC EELS ACCT

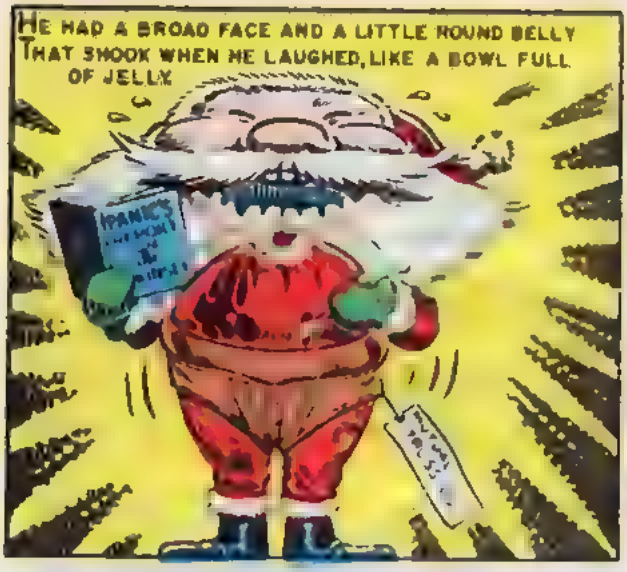

HIS EYES HOW THEY TWINKLED! HIS DIMPLES HOW MERRY!
S.C.NAVEL ACAD.

HIS CHEEKS WERE LIKE ROSES, HIS NOSE LIKE A CHERRY.

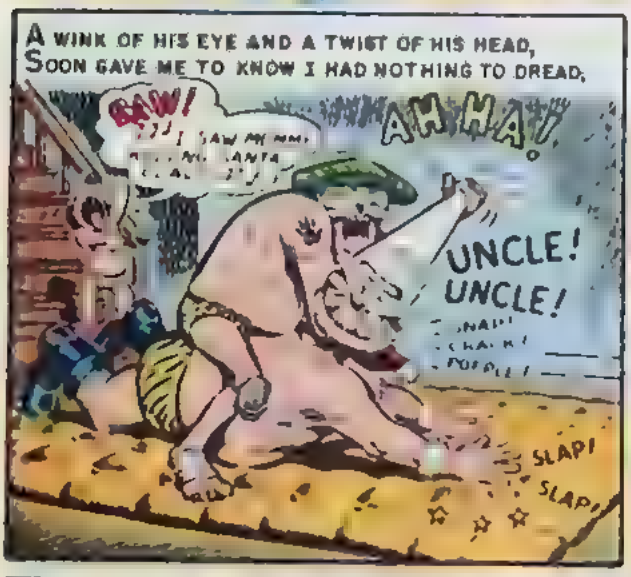

HIS DROLL LITTLE MOUTH WAS DRAWN UP LIKE A BOW,
AND THE BEARD ON HIS CHIN WAS AS WHITE AS THE SNOW.
THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR SHOOTING MY MOUTH OFF!!
25 MORE SHOPLIFTING DAYS BEFORE XMAS!

THE STUMP OF A PIPE HE HELD TIGHT IN HIS TEETH.
NEED BLOOD! CALL PLASMA 3 22... IN NEW JERSEY BIGELOW 8-42 11
THUMPER TO A FRATERNITY

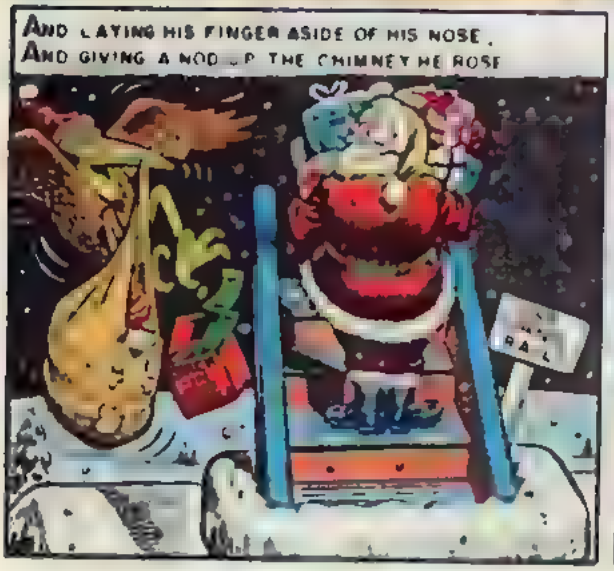

AND THE SMOKE, IT ENCIRCLED HIS HEAD LIKE A WREATH.
KOFF
CHOKE!
HACK!
HACK!
KAF!
JUNIOR COUNTERFEIT PRINTING PRESS
PRESIDENTIAL GAME

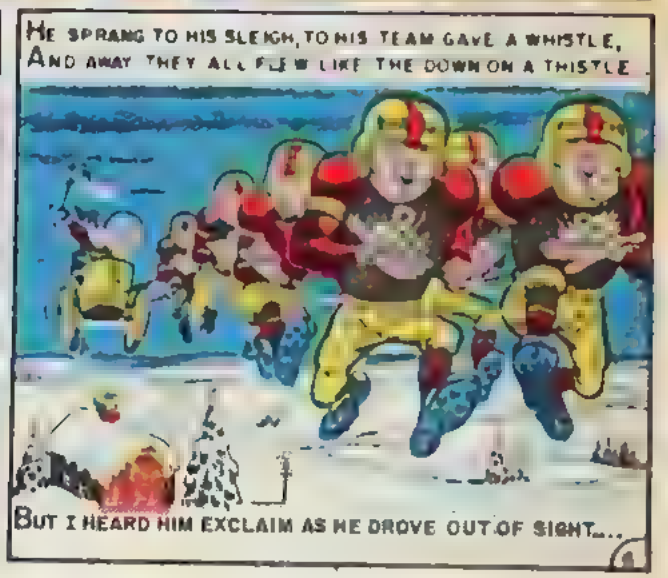

HE HAD A BROAD FACE AND A LITTLE ROUND BELLY
THAT SHOOK WHEN HE LAUGHED, LIKE A BOWL FULL OF JELLY

HE WAS CHUBBY AND PLUMP, A RIGHT JOLLY OLD ELF.
AND I LAUGHED WHEN I SAW HIM, IN SPITE OF MYSELF.
HO HO
HA HA
HOO
HEE
HOO
HA


A WINK OF HIS EYE AND A TWIST OF HIS HEAD,
SOON GAVE ME TO KNOW I HAD NOTHING TO DREAD.
BAW!
AH HA!
UNCLE!
UNCLE!
SLAP!
SLAP!

HE SPOKE NOT A WORD, BUT WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS WORK,
AND FILLED ALL THE STOCKINGS; THEN TURNED WITH A JERK.


AND LAYING HIS FINGER ASIDE OF HIS NOSE,
AND GIVING A NOD UP THE CHIMNEY HE ROSE


HE SPRANG TO HIS SLEIGH, TO HIS TEAM GAVE A WHISTLE,
AND AWAY THEY ALL FLEW LIKE THE DOWN ON A THISTLE.
BUT I HEARD HIM EXCLAIM AS HE DROVE OUT OF SIGHT....

"Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good Night."
AL WILLIAMSON
JOHNNY CRAIG
FELDSTEIN
ELDER
BLAST! GOOD LORD!
J.P. SEVERIN
JACK DAVIS
GHASTLY Ingels
EVANS
JACK KAMEN
Joe Orlando
WOOD
W.GAINES
NANCY SIEGEL
WHEN BUSINESS GETS BAD PILLS
SLEEPING PILLS
WHEN IT GETS REAL BAD!
MARIE SEVERIN
REED CRANDALL
REDUCING PILLS
H.Kurtzt
B.Krigstein.

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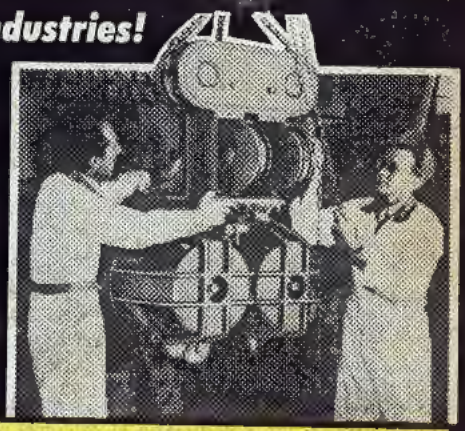

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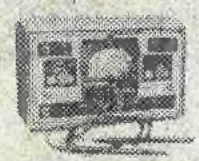

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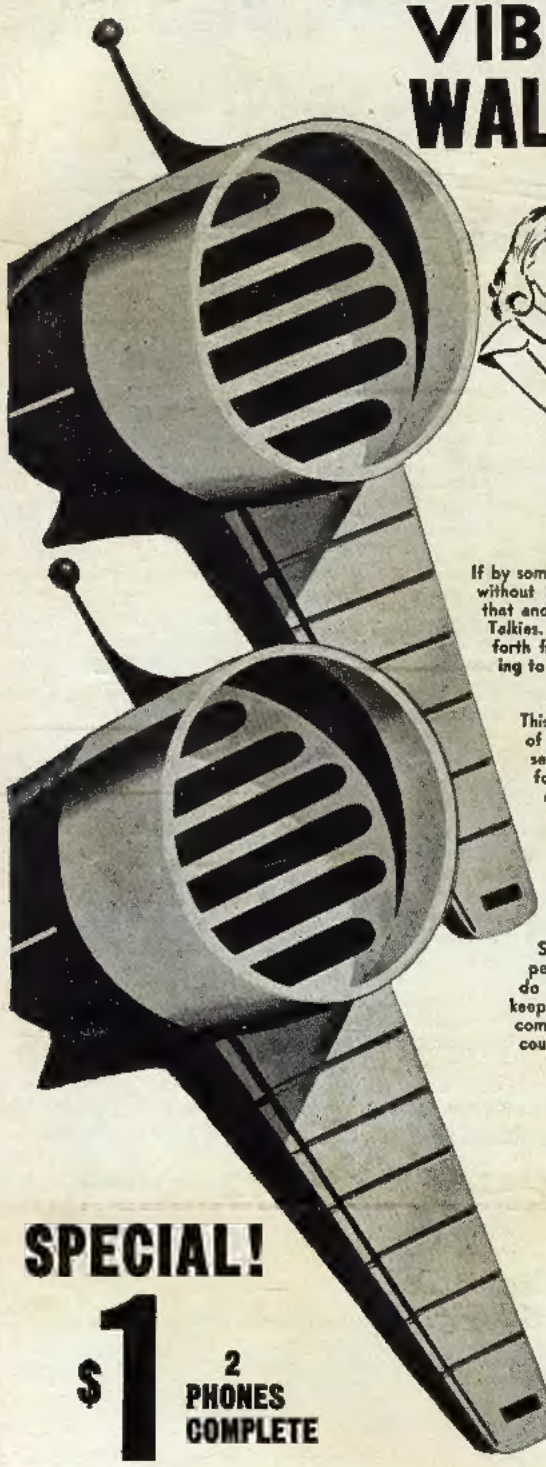
2 PHONES ONLY $1



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SENDS! RECEIVES!
VOICE - SONGS - MUSIC

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$1 **2 PHONES COMPLETE**

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ARE YOU

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- Nervous?
- Lacking in confidence?
- Constipated?
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- Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

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